

THE
METAMORPHOSES

OF THE

TOWN:

OR, A

View of the Present Fashions.

A

T A L E.

After the MANNER of

F O N T A I N E.

The Third Edition.

To which is added,

The JOURNAL of a MODERN LADY.

By Dean SWIFT.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. WILFORD, at the *Three Flower-de-Luces*
behind the *Chapter-House* in *St. Paul's Church-yard*.
1731. Price 6d.

METAMORPHOSES

T. O. W. V.

THE JOURNAL OF

THE JOURNAL OF

THE JOURNAL OF

THE JOURNAL OF

THE JOURNAL OF

THE JOURNAL OF

THE JOURNAL OF

7

A

Fr

n

y

n

Th



T H E
METAMORPHOSES
O F T H E
T O W N, &c.

The ARGUMENT.

The fantastic Taste of the Age cannot be more naturally expressed, than by supposing some polite Person to arise from the Dead, and view the present Alteration. But as this would be incredible, the Author has inspired a Man of Sense and Honour with a Desire of revisiting the Town after above 40 Years Absence from it; and, to avoid the Absurdity of Soliloquy, has furnished him with an humble Companion, who, as he is no ways qualified for a Censor, has the Modesty to speak but once throughout the whole Poem.

A Knight long absent from the Town,
Who all its gay Delights had known;
Frequented Court, the Park, and Plays,
In good King Charles the Second's Days;
When Wit was cherish'd, and preferr'd,
And Taste, and Learning, found Regard.

But hold! for just Decorum sake,
This Knight some *Nom de Guerre* must take,

A 2

Which

Which may in Course hereafter, show him,
To be the Hero of the Poem.

We'll call him *Lindo* : Let it pass;
From whence he came ; or who he was ;
No Circumstance is, of the Tale :
Politely bred, rich, young, and hale ;
Thro' all the Rounds of Vice he'ad run,
In Search of Good, like *Solomon* :
Yet nought beneath the Sun, he found
On which his Happiness to ground.
Quite tir'd with Pleasure's empty Chace,
He gave to better Thoughts a Place ;
And to a Country Life retir'd,
There found that Bliss, his Soul desir'd.
Sweet Air ; cool Thoughts ; and quiet Rest,
Were, to his Intellects, a Feast :
And by the Diff'rence, made him find
A Scorn, for what he left behind.
An easy Fortune, pleasant Seat,
Compact, and elegantly neat,

Well

Well chosen Books adorn his Shelf,
 And rural Sports preserve his Health.
 Courted, and lov'd, by all around;
 For Hospitality, renown'd:
 Yet, prudent Management was seen,
 Not too profuse; nor yet too mean.
 No Tenants Cries invade his Ears,
 He had their Blessings, and their Pray'rs;
 An Happiness he never knew
 'Midst all his idle jovial Crew,
 For *Lindo*, had a Taste refin'd;
 A noble, and exalted Mind:
 Courteous to all, and yet reserv'd:
 He Freedoms for his Friends preserv'd.

One, more than all the rest he chose,
 On whom to fix his Soul's Repose;
 Nor was mistaken in his Aim,
 For, *Belus* merited his Claim.
 To him, he thus disclos'd his Mind,
 My Friend! 'tis true, I have resign'd

A

A Life of Pleasure, long ago;
 And (yet methinks) I'd gladly know,
 The Truth of what we daily hear,
 And see, how Things indeed appear,
 Come, wilt thou take a Trip to Town
 With me, unknowing and unknown?
 Like Antiquaries we'll survey
 The Monuments of Time's Decay.
 Sure it will yield a vast Delight,
 To recollect each pleasing Sight,
 And see what Lives Successors lead,
 'Twill be like rising from the Dead;
 Well, study not for a Reply,
 I read Compliance in your Eye:
 To-morrow's dawning Sun, shall see
 We'll be as early out as he.

So up they came, and take their Inn
 " At grizly Head of *Sarazen*;
 What Servants said, or what they thought,
 It to the Reader matters not;

For

For up to Town they brought not one,
 Except the Beasts they rode upon:
 Here let them rest, a Day or two,
 Then make a Tour, and take their View.

Unto the Church! they first repair,
 But found no Alteration there;
 The self-same Worship, undefil'd,
Lindo was taught when but a Child;
 Thank Heav'n! cry'd he, so far we're right,
 The rest, I hope, is all but Spite.

Come, now we'll o'er the City range,
 And visit next, the *Old Exchange*,
 Where, like a Prince's Palace-Court,
 Agents, from all the World resort.
 'Tis now the Hour, and thou shalt see
 An universal Empory.

Belus, thou never wer't in Town,
 Mark well, the Riches here are shown,
 The Gold Brocades, and curious Laces;
 The croud'd Shops and pretty Faces
 Of smiling Nymphs, with all their Paces,

5
3
2

OF

Of what d'ye lack, Sir? What d'ye buy?
 The Money from thy Purse will fly,
 For who such Askers, can deny?

Ha! What means this? The Gates are shut,
 Pray, Youth, let me a Question put,
 You live so near, you can't but know
 From whence his sudden Turn does flow.

The Boy reply'd, with saucy Air,
 It is no sudden Turn, I'll swear :
 Where have you slept, old Father *Time*?
 The Hours are chang'd from One, to Nine.

Lindo, who liv'd great as a Lord,
 Honour'd by all, almost ador'd;
 Was strangely piqu'd, to find the Lad
 No Grace, nor better Manners had.
 He knows me not (thought he) 'tis true;
 But Rev'rence to my Age is due;
 It was not thus in former Years,
 Respect attended, Silver Hairs :
 Now ev'ry rude, ill-natur'd Chit,
 Thinks Impudence, a Piece of Wit.

Let's

Let's pass by this : When up he came,
 And found but One poor Shop remain,
 Of eighty-two ; which there he left,
 He stood aghast ! some say he wept !
O Tempora ! O Mores ! said he,
 Here treated I, my dearest Lady ;
 Now 'stead of Pearls, and Diamond Drops,
 Cobwebs, are grown o'er all the Shops.
 That which is left, looks full as bad,
 The Shelves are thin, the Master sad,
 What he has got, we'll go and try,
 For sure, 'tis Charity to buy.

Lindo a noble Purchase made,
 Some few such Chaps, wou'd raise a Trade,
 And falling into Converse free,
 Had this Account of t'other Three.
Salisbury has, for many Years
 Been *Cecil-street*, which Name it bears.
 And *Exeter*, has long since been
 Transmuted, to another Scene,

B

Where

Where, 'stead of Dresses for the Head,
 You'll now find Dresses for the Dead.
 The *New Exchange* in part remains,
 But thinly peopled, small their Gains,
 And since your Honour asks me why,
 To shew the Cause, I now will try.

The Ladies Taste, is alter'd quite,
 Whether for Grandeur or Delight,
 I can't resolve! But sadly find,
 Shop-Trade goes, daily, more behind.
 While prating Gossips, they admit
 To interlope, and shew their Wit,
 By carrying Tales from one to t'other,
 A world of Faults in Goods they smother.
 They dearer sell, than we can do,
 And yet, divide our Profit too.
 This hawking Traffick, hugely takes,
 And weekly, fresh Insolvents makes.

All this is wrong, good *Lindo* cries,
 And hinders Trade, and Merchandize :

I'm

I'm sorry, for these Truths you tell,
And wish it better : So farewell.

Now at *Pontack's* we'll take a Bit
Shall quicken Nature's Appetite :
Here shew a Room ; What have you got ?
The Waiter (cries) " What have we not ;
" All that the Season can afford,
" Fresh, fat, and fine, upon my Word.
" A Guinea Ordinary, Sir ?
Ay, ay, let's have it quick and nice,
" I'll serve your Honours in a trice.

Well, Thanks to Fortune here's the *Name*,
The *House*, and *Manners*, still the same :
No Change throughout the whole appears
But Faces, by the Length of Years.
Now *Belus*, now, thou soon shalt see
Earth, Air, and Water, yield to Thee
Their Tribute of Variety.

The Cloth being laid, thereon was set
A Course in all Respects compleat

B 2

Adorn'd,

Adorn'd, and beautifully dress'd,
But what it was, cou'd not be guess'd.
First, they Taste One, and then Another,
And gaze, with Wonder, on each other.

Here (Waiter) you the Truth must know,
Quoth *Lindo*, tell your Raree-Show,

" This Birds-Nest-Soup from *China* brought,
" Far fetch'd, and very dearly bought;
" They were bespoke, Sir, by a Lord,
But to oblige you, broke my Word.

" That's a Ragoust, of fatted Snails,
" Which Novelty now much prevails.

" This *Bantam* Pig, but one Day old,
" Is richly worth its Weight in Gold :

" A Pudding too, within it, is
" Made of hard Row, and Ambergris.

" *French* Pease are here, in Gravy stew'd,
" With Cheese, and Garlick, wond'rous good.

" This an incomparable Tart,
" Of Frogs, and Forc'd-meat, made with Art :

" And

“ And this so nicely sauc’d with Shrimp,

“ Is Cod, and I can swear it Crimp.

“ These, Sir, are Chickens in surprize,

“ The finest, ever blest my Eyes :

“ And if your Honour views them well,

“ They’ve not been two Hours from the Shell.

Zookers (quoth *Lindo*) spare your Date,

You make one Puke, to hear you Prate.

Here take away your filthy Treat,

And bring us somewhat, we can eat.

A Mutton-Chop, or honest Stake,

Some Recompence for This will make.

Which small Refreshment being made,

And Princely Reck’ning, freely paid.

Adieu, *Pontack*, for I foresee

Thou’lt ne’er take Penny more of me :

If this be counted Eating well,

I never shall in Taste excell.

Why (*Belus*) dost thou pout, and frown,

Come tell me, how dost like the Town?

“ O! not at all; wou’d we were down.

All

All in good Time, a while we'll stay,
 And end this inauspicious Day!
 With seeing of a merry Play.

Let's read the Bill, the Town's Delight,
 The *Beggars Opera*, to Night:

I warrant 'tis a merry Scene,
 Will make us laugh, and ease our Spleen,
 And, so let's boldly enter in.

The Dress and Musick, they admire!
 But Sound, and Show, will quickly tire,
 If Sense, and Reason, are not found
 The Basis of the Work to ground.
 So far'd it here, with *Lindo's* Taste,
 Two tedious Acts were dully past,
 When Patience fail'd: A Magpie's Chatter,
 (Cried he's) beyond this Clitter Clatter,
 Of Ballad Fragments, without Matter.
 Nor Sense, nor Moral, Plot, nor End,
 To what does all this Fustian tend?
 Come let's to t'other House repair,
 And see old Doctor *Fauslus*, there,

'Tis

'Tis said he was a Man of Art,
 And surely now, must top his Part,
 His dext'rous Slight of Hand survey,
 And see this *Hocus Pocus* Play.

Away these two Inspectors went,
 And for a while were well content,
 'Till dreadful Dragon, yawn'd for Battle;
 Thunder, and Light'ning round them rattle,
 Hell open'd, and a Sight display'd,
 Might make the stoutest Heart afraid.

Ah me! cry'd *Lindo*, can this stand
 With Reason, in a Christian Land?
 Can we believe Futurity,
 And yet such Sights with Pleasure see?
 O! dangerous, rash Impiety.
 Here leave we them, unto their Rest,
 How much delighted, may be guess'd.

Next Morn they rose not 'till 'twas late,
 When *Lindo*, thus address'd his Mate.

So much I have mistaken been,
 In what we have already seen,

I'll promise nothing for the Day,
 But take our Chance, as fall it may.
 Next, to the Abbey let's repair,
 And view the sacred Relicks there ;
 Th' Antiquities of *England* see,
 Well worth our Curiosity.

The Tombs run o'er with canting Tone
 Of conqu'ring *Edward* ; Princess *Joan*,
 Hudled in Dust, and tack'd together,
 Or right or wrong, no Matter whether,
 It serves the Turn, and gets the Pence,
 Chronology is banish'd hence.

The Man dismiss'd, they walk around,
 Many new Monuments they found,
 In all Art's, Workmanship compleat,
 Grand, and magnificently neat.
 They many fine Inscriptions read,
 Which ne'er belong'd unto the Dead.
 See, *Belus*, here, what Time discovers,
 Tombs rais'd by Ladies to their Lovers :

Their

Their Husbands are not jealous sure,
Else some Distaste it might procure.

Thus 'twas in Days of Innocence,
When Love *Platonick* rul'd o'er Sense,
And neither fear'd, nor gave Offence.

But now we'll to the Park repair,
And breathe the wholesome Morning Air.

All the *Beau Monde*, will there resort,
And we, perhaps, may see the Court.
He said; nor waited a Reply,
(Readers will guess the Reason why)
Humble Companions, mayn't dispute;
Their Patron's Will, is absolute.

I wish (says *Lindo*) we may find
A Man, adapted to my Mind;
Who knows the Court, the Park, and Town,
To tell us who? and what is done?
Lo! there sits one: Ay, that is he,
If Truth is in *Phyf'ognomy*.

Your Servant, Sir, if you'll permit,
We'll rest a while, upon this Seat.

C

Gent.

Gent. Sir, 'tis as free for you, as me ;
And much I like, good Company :
The King, and Queen, will walk to Day,
And for their coming, here I stay.

See, they appear! How grand their Mien
Tho' plainly dress'd, their Rank is seen.

Lindo. But why so plain, is *Britain's* Queen?

Gent. It shews her great Humility,
And learns her Subjects Housewifry.

Lindo. But why so thinly guarded here ?

Gent. Good Sir, they are devoid of Fear,
They are no Tyrants, dread no Foes,
Their Subjects Love, is their Repose :
May God preserve them! say I then,

Lindo. I'll be your Clerk, and cry Amen :
But where's the Family to Day ?

Gent. They're all rid out, another Way.

Lindo. Look yonder comes a pleasant Crew
With high-crown'd Hats, long Aprons too ;
Good pretty Girls, I vow, and swear,
But, wherefore do they hide their Ware.

Gent.

Gent. Ware, what d'ye mean? What is't you

Lindo. Why? Don't they Eggs, and Butter sell? ^(tell?)

Such Country Wenches, I shou'd know
By gay Experience long ago.

Gent. Alas, Sir! you're mistaken quite,
She on the Left-hand drest in White,
Is Lady C——, her Spouse a Knight.
But for the other lov'ly Three,
They all Right Honourables be.

Lindo. Nay, now indeed, you make me smile,
How pleasantly you Time beguile,
Mark that affected Tofs; and Stride,
Hands, hung like Bobbins by her Side:
And t'others Arms on Kimbow bent,
As if to fight, were her Intent.
What tell you us, of Ladies fair,
If so, they Masqueraders are?
Such Airs as these, can ne'er become
A Front-Box; or the Drawing-Room,

C 2

Look,

Look, they accost some round-ear'd Caps
 Straw, lin'd with Green, their *May-day* Hats,
 What formal Bows, and aukward Daps :
 Now Sir, I'm sure, you cannot fail
 To own, these carry Milking-Pail ;
 Their Hats are flatted on the Crown,
 And shew the Weight that press'd them down.

Gent. How strangely wrong is your Report,
 These Ladies, all belong to Court ;
 This Fashionable Disabillè,
 Has long prevail'd, and longer will.
 For why, this candid Country Dress,
 Does Native Innocence express :
 I find, you have been long abroad,
 And do not know the present Mode.
 These noble Peers, which now you see,
 Are proud to join their Company.

Lindo. Lords call you them, stay let me view !
 Well made, if Nature had her due :
 Nay, take my Word, are handsome too.

But

But sure the Taylor, wrong'd them both,
When to that Suit he cut his Cloth.

What Straitness on the Skirts appears?

The Neck, is rais'd up to the Ears ;

Which to the flattest Shoulders give,

A rising Fulness. As I live !

The Hair of One, is tied behind,

And platted, like a Womankind.

While T'other, carries on his Back,

In filken Bag, a monstrous Pack :

But pray, what's that much like a Whip,

Which with the Air does wav'ring skip

From Side, to Side, and Hip, to Hip.

Gent. Sir, Do not look so fierce, and big,
It is a modish Pigtail Wig.

Lindo. Z—nds, cannot they this Mode refine,
What deck their Head, with Tail of Swine.

(Forgive my Passion, it is Wrong)

But what is that which rides along,

With fable Helmet, Bever Down,

And Muffler, brac'd up to the Crown.

Petty-

Pettycoats too ; *Ob Homines !*

Some bold, Hermaphrodite, is this.

Gent. Sir, 'tis a Lady chaste and fair,
Return'd from taking of the Air :
The Hunting Cap, you Helmet call,
Is now a Fashion with them all.

Lindo. Our Hats and Coats, long worn have
And Breeches too, if in their Way : ^{(they,}
Then let them bravely mount astride,
And like true *Amazonians* ride.

Gent. How obstinately you pursue
Old Customs, and condemn the new :
Go on ! and prosper ; take your Will,
Be resolute, and peevish still :
And yet, I'll lay a Guinea Stake,
That I shall you a Convert make.
Since so displeas'd with Negligence,
And Disabillès give Offence,
View well that Set of Ladies there,
How perfectly well dress'd they are,

Not

Not Envy, can a Blemish 'spy,
 Like Forms in Wax, they charm the Eye,
 Each, like a Sov'raign Queen does move,
 And, represents the Wife of *Jove*.

Lindo. Why, this is worse than all the rest,
 A somewhat! not to be exprest:
 So stiff; so forc'd; as if by Art,
 A Puppet mov'd, and play'd its Part.

That Length of Stomacher before,
 Hook'd down, as 'twas in Days of Yore,
 No graceful Turn, of Neck, admits,
 But serves our sensual Appetites:
 For seeing Bubbies so display'd,
 We think an easy Conquest made,
 Tho' Nymphs (perhaps) are as unwilling,
 As those, who stand in Fear of killing.

The Length of Waist too, vile appears,
 It lifts the Shoulders, to the Ears:
 And Sleeves tuck'd half Way up the Arm,
 Sir, call you this a Dress to Charm?

It

It is, to qualify a Shame,
To seem, as they from Washing came.

I own (with you) these are most fair,
And nat'rally well shapen are ;
But if continu'd at this Rate,
You'll scarcely find one Woman strait :
And as it is, if you but mind,
Not one in fifty, you will find
That is not to one Side inclin'd.
For by this set, unplaited Gown,
The least Defect is fully shown :
And what in one Part is supprest,
Forces its Way into the rest :
Ev'n Nature is of Health bereav'd,
And Life ebbs out, thus unperceiv'd.

It was not thus in former Days,
(I speak it to our Fathers Praise,)
Then Cloaths for Ornament were worn,
And Fashions studied, to adorn :
Easy, and free ; without Offence,
Or Strain, to Nature's Excellence,

Her

Her Faults conceal'd, her Charms display'd,
Redoubled Beauties, we survey'd.

Gent. Sir, if you can, a Word admit?

Lindo. No, Sir, I've not done with them yet:
Those Angel Faces! who can see
(And not a griev'd Spectator be,)
Transform'd by Dress, like *Friezland* Hen,
With Feathers turning back agen.
The Curls, which shou'd the Forehead shade,
Stand staring up like Horns display'd,
As if they did our Sex defy!
(" Look for it Men, if e'er you try)
And 'stead of graceful Front there shows
A Pullet's Rump, just o'er the Nose.

O *Britain*! as Historians tell,
Thy Women, bore away the Bell;
An handsome Nation, were allow'd,
And *Europe*, to their Beauties bow'd.
But now, alas! 'tis plainly shown,
Of Comlinefs, they're weary grown:
And Men (forsooth) to please their Taste,
Disguise themselves, e'en full as fast.

D

Come

Come *Belus*, now we'll hasten down,
And never more, approach this Town.
And Sir, for your Civility,
All humble Thanks receive from Me.



The



The Journal of a Modern LADY.

In a LETTER *to a* FRIEND.

S I R,

IT was a most unfriendly Part
 In you (who ought to know my Heart ;
 Are well acquainted with my Zeal
 For all the Females Common-weal.
 How cou'd it come into your Mind)
 To pitch on me of all Mankind,
 Against the Sex to write a Satire,
 And brand me for a Woman-Hater ?
 On me, who think them all so fair,
 They rival *Venus* to a Hair :
 Their Virtues never ceas'd to sing,
 Since first I learn'd to tune a String,
 Methinks I hear the Ladies cry,
 Will he his Character belye ?
 Must our Misfortunes never end ?
 And have we lost our only Friend ?

D 2

Ah,

Ah, lovely Nymph, remove your Fears,
No more let fall those precious Tears.

*Sooner shall Maids of Love despair,
The Hound be hunted by the Hare,
Than I turn Rebel to the Fair.*

'Twas you engag'd me first to write,
Then gave the Subject out of Spite.
The *Journal* of a *Modern Dame*,
Is by my Promise what you claim;
My Word is past, I must submit,
And yet perhaps you may be bit.
I but transcribe, for not a Line,
Of all the Satire shall be mine.
Compell'd by you to tag in Rhimes
The common Slanders of the Times,
Of modern Times, the Guilt is yours,
And me my Innocence secures:
Unwilling Muse, begin thy Lay,
The *Annals* of a *Female Day*.

By Nature turn'd to play the Rake-well,
As we shall shew you in the Sequel;

The

The modern Dame is wak'd by Noon,
 Some Authors say not quite so soon ;
 Because, though fore against her Will,
 She sat all Night up at *Quadrille*.
 She stretches, gapes, unglues her Eyes,
 And asks if it be time to rise.
 Of Head-ach, and the Spleen complains ;
 And then to cool her heated Brains,
 Her Night-gown and her Slippers brought her,
 Takes a large Dram of Citron Water.

Next, to her Glass ; and *Betty*, pray
 Don't I look frightfully to Day ?
 But, wasn't it not confounded hard ?
 Well, if I ever touch a Card :
 Four *Mattadores*, and lose *Codille*,
 Depend upon't, I never will !
 But run to *Tom*, and bid him fix
 The Ladies here to Night by Six.
 Madam, the Goldsmith waits below,
 He says, his Business is to know
 If you'll redeem the Silver Cup,
 You pawn'd to him. First shew him up. Your

Your Dressing-Plate, he'll be content
 To take, for Int'rest *Cent per Cent*.
 And, Madam, there's my Lady *Spade*
 Hath sent this Letter by her Maid.
 Well, I remember what she won;
 And hath she sent so soon to dun?
 Here, carry down those ten Pistoles,
 My Husband left to pay for Coals:
 I thank my Stars, they are all light;
 And I may have Revenge to Night.
 Now, loitering o'er her Tea and Cream,
 She enters on her usual Theme;
 Her last Night's ill Success repeats,
 Calls Lady *Spade* a hundred Cheats:
 She slipped Spadillo in her Breast,
 Then thought to turn it to a Jest.
 There's Mrs. *Cut*, and she combine,
 And to each other give the Sign.
 Through ev'ry Game pursues her Tale,
 Like Hunters o'er their Ev'ning Ale.

Now to another Scene give Place,
 Enter the Folks with Silks and Lace;

Fresh

Fresh Matter for a World of Chat,
 Right *Indian* this, right *Macklin* that ;
 Observe this Pattern ; there's a Stuff,
 I can have Customers enough.

Dear Madam, you are grown so hard,
 This Lace is worth twelve Pounds a Yard :
 Madam, if there be Truth in Man,
 I never sold so cheap a Fan.

This Business of Importance o'er,
 And Madam, almost dress'd by Four ;
 The Footman, in his usual Phrase,
 Comes up with, Madam, Dinner stays ;
 She answers in her usual Stile,
 The Cook must keep it back a-while ;
 I never can have Time to dress,
 No Woman breathing takes up less ;
 I'm hurry'd so, it makes me sick,
 I wish the Dinner at *Old Nick*.

At Table now she acts her Part,
 Has all the Dinner-Cant by Heart :
 I thought we were to Dine alone,
 My Dear, for sure if I had known

This

This Company would come to Day,
 But really 'tis my Spouse's Way;
 He's so unkind, he never sends
 To tell, when he invites his Friends:
 I wish ye may but have enough;
 And while, with all this poultry Stuff,
 She sits tormenting every Guest,
 Nor gives her Tongue one Moment's Rest,
 In Phrases batter'd, stale and trite,
 Which Modern Ladies call polite;
 You see the Booby Husband sit
 In Admiration at her Wit.

But let me now a-while survey
 Our Madam o'er her Ev'ning Tea;
 Surrounded with her Noisy Clans
 Of Prudes, Coquets, and Harridans;
 When frightened at the clamorous Crew,
 Away the God of Silence flew:
 And fair Discretion left the Place,
 And Modesty with blushing Face;
 Now enters over-weening Pride,
 And Scandal ever gaping wide,

Hy-

Hypocrisify with Frown severe,
 Scurrility with gibing Air;
 Rude Laughter seeming like to burst,
 And Malice always judging worst;
 And Vanity with Pocket-Glass,
 And Impudence with Front of Brass;
 And studied Affectation came,
 Each Limb, and Feature out of Frame;
 While Ignorance, with Brain of Lead,
 Flew hov'ring o'er each Female Head.

Why shou'd I ask of thee, my Muse,
 An Hundred Tongues, as Poets use,
 When, to give ev'ry Dame her Due,
 An Hundred Thousand were too few!
 Or how shall I, alas! relate,
 The Sum of all their senseless Prate,
 Their Inuendo's, Hints, and Slanders,
 Their Meanings lewd, and double Entenders,
 Now comes the general Scandal Charge,
 What some invent, the rest enlarge;
 And, Madam, if it be a Lye,
 You have the Tale as cheap as I:

E

I must

I must conceal my Author's Name,
 But now 'tis known to common Fame.
 Say, foolish Females, Old and Blind,
 Say, by what fatal Turn of Mind,
 Are you on Vices most severe,
 Wherein yourselves have greatest Share?
 Thus ev'ry Fool herself deludes,
 The Prudes condemn the absent Prudes.
Mopsa, who stinks her Spouse to Death,
 Accuses *Chloe's* tainted Breath :
Hircina rank with Sweat, presumes
 To censure *Phillis* for Perfumes :
 While crooked *Cynthia* swearing says,
 That *Florimel* wears Iron Stays.
Chloe's of ev'ry Coxcomb jealous,
 Admires how Girls can talk with Fellows,
 And full of Indignation frets
 That Women should be such Coquets.
Iris, for Scandal most notorious,
 Cries, Lord, the World is so censorious;
 And *Rufa* with her Combs of Lead,
 Whispers that *Sappho's* Hair is Red.

Aura

Aura, whose Tongue you hear a Mile hence,
 Talks half a Day in Praise of Silence :
 And *Sylvia* full of inward Guilt,
 Calls *Amoret* an arrant Jilt.
 Now Voices over Voices rise ;
 While each to be the loudest vies,
 They contradict, affirm, dispute,
 No single Tongue one Moment mute ;
 All mad to speak, and none to hearken,
 They set the very Lap-Dog barking ;
 Their Chatt'ring makes a louder Din
 Than Fish-Wives o'er a Cup of Gin :
 Not School-boys at a barring out,
 Rais'd ever such incessant Rout :
 The Shumbling Particles of Matter
 In Chaos make not such a Clatter :
 Far less the Rabble roar and rail,
 When drunk with four Election-Ale.
 Nor do they trust their Tongue alone,
 To speak a Language of their own ;
 Can read a Nod, a Shrug, a Look ;
 Far better than a printed Book.

Convey a Libel in a Frown,
 And wink a Reputation down;
 Or by the Tossing of the Fan,
 Describe the Lady and the Man.

But, see the Female Club disbands,
 Each, twenty Visits on her Hands:
 Now all alone poor Madam sits,
 In Vapours and Hyfterick Fits:

And was not *Tom* this Morning sent?
 I'd lay my Life, he never went:
 Past Six, and not a living Soul!
 I might by this have won a Vole.
 A dreadful Interval of Spleen!
 How shall we pass the Time between.
 Here *Betty*, let me take my Drops,
 And feel my Pulse, I know it stops:
 This Head of mine, Lord, how it swims!
 And such a Pain in all my Limbs!
 Dear Madam, try to take a Nap:
 But now they hear a Footman's Rap:
 Go run, and light the Ladies up:
 It must be One before we Sup.

The

The Table, Cards, and Counters set,
 And all the Gamster Ladies met,
 Her Spleen and Fits recover'd quite,
 Our Madam can sit up all Night;
 Who ever comes I'm not within,
Quadrille the Word, and so begin.
 How can the Muse her Aid impart,
 Unskill'd in all the Terms of Art?
 Or in harmonious Numbers put
 The Deal, the Shuffle, and the Cut?
 The superfluous Whims relate,
 That fill a Female Gamester's Pate:
 What Agony of Soul she feels
 To see a Knave's inverted Heels:
 She draws up Card by Card, to find
 Good Fortune peeping from behind;
 With panting Heart, and earnest Eyes,
 In hope to see *Spadillo* rise;
 In vain, alas! her Hope is fed;
 She draws an Ace, and sees it red.
 In ready Counters never pays,
 But pawns her Snuff-Box, Rings, and Keys.

Ever with some new Fancy struck,
 Tries twenty Charms to mend her Luck.
 This Morning when the Parson came,
 I said I shou'd not win a Game.
 This odious Chair, how came I stuck in't?
 I think I never had good Luck in't.
 I'm so Uneasy in my Stays;
 Your Fan, a Moment, if you please.
 Stand further, Girl, or get you gone,
 I always lose, when you look on.
 Lord, Madam, you have lost Codill;
 I never saw you play so ill.
 Nay, Madam, give me Leave to say
 'Twas you that threw the Game away;
 When Lady *Tricksy* play'd a Four,
 You took it with a Matadore;
 I saw you touch your Wedding-Ring
 Before my Lady call'd a King,
 You spoke a Word began with H,
 And I know whom you mean to teach,
 Because you held the King of Hearts;
 Fie, Madam, leave these little Arts. That's

That's not so bad as one that rubs
 Her Chair to call the King of Clubs,
 And makes her Partner understand
 A Matadore is in her Hand.

Madam, you have no cause to flounce,
 I swear I saw you thrice renounce.

And truly, Madam, I know when
 Instead of Five you scor'd me Ten.

Spadillo here has got a Mark,

A Child may know it in the Dark:

I guess the Hand, it seldom fails,

I wish some Folks wou'd pare their Nails.

While thus they rail, and scold, and storm,

It passes but for common Form;

Are conscious that they all speak true,

And give each other but their Due,

It never interrupts the Game,

Or makes 'em sensible of Shame.

The Time too precious now to waste,

The Supper gobbled up in haste:

Again afresh to Cards they run,

As if they had but just begun:

Yet

Yet I shall not again repeat

How oft they squabble, snarl and cheat :

At last they hear the Watchman knock,

A frosty Morn——Past Four a Clock.

The Chair-men are not to be found,

Come, let us play the t'other Round.

Now, all in haste they huddle on

Their Hoods, their Cloaks, and get them gone.

But first, the Winner must invite

The Company to-morrow Night.

Unlucky Madam left in Tears,

Who now again *Quadrille* forswears,

With empty Purse and aching Head,

Steals to her sleeping Spouse to Bed.

F I N I S.

